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fided to him. Mr. Terry's experience as an artist and his intimacy with Crawford, also his regard for the memory of his friend, are ample guaranty for their satisfactory fulfillment.

Hicks has lately produced a fine picture representing Dr. Kane in his Study. We see the famous navigator seated at a table, making notes; before him is a globe and books, and by his side a window out of which he is looking upon the ocean. The head is in profile, and is vigorously painted; the picture is well designed, and very effective.

One of Palmer's latest and most beautiful productions in marble is a characteristic work called "Faith." It represents a marble picture—a female erect (and in quite high relief)—regarding the cross partially concealed by floating clouds. The expression of the head is similar in sentiment to that of previous works of this class by this artist; the drapery is skillfully arranged, and the execution is wonderfully fine. The owner is W. C. Noyes, Esq.

Artists generally are in summer quarters. Kensett was lately at Ramapo; Suydam is now there; Gifford and Hubbard are exploring the Erie Railroad region; Colman is at Lake George; Hart is in Connecticut; Durand, Gerry, and Hotchkiss are among the Catskills; Gray is in Pittsfield, Mass.; Staigg is at Newport; H. K. Brown, is at Newburg. A Newport correspondent informs us that Wm. Hunt has returned to that town from Fayal, where he has been passing the winter. Miss Foley, of Boston, who cuts cameos with marked success, is also at Newport.

THE vacation of the School of Design for Women commenced on the 30th ultimo. The Fall term begins on the 20th Sept.

**ERRATUM.**—Our notice of Baltimore art-doings in the last number reported "Mr. Bellows, of Philadelphia," as now practising portraiture in that city. The notice should have read Mr. Bowers, of Philadelphia. Mr. Bowers occupied a studio opposite the Gilmore House, when we had the pleasure of visiting it, and we hope he still finds encouragement to remain there.

## Studies among the Leaves.

AN Oxford Essay bearing the title of "The Jews of Europe in the Middle Ages," is full of matter illustrating the heroism of humanity. The author is J. H. Bridges, Fellow of Oriel College, and he thus discourses:

The story of the Jews in the Middle Ages deserves to be told, for reasons of very different kinds. It is a tragedy self-made, and more terrible than any poet's fiction. It has, too, the interest of all master-pieces, that we are familiar with all that has gone before. Our childhood is nursed with tales of the childhood of the Jewish nation. Peaceful patriarchal families coalescing into a tribe, creeping with stealthy defiance from the treacherous hospitality of Egypt, hardened by their desert life, and moulded into a nation of warriors by the greatest of lawgivers, shattering the giant Anakim by the force of faith and law, and giving birth to sublime prophets and a long line of kings;—such is the ancient story, which we know far better than the tale of Saxon, Dane, and Norman. But the line of continuity is strangely broken. We follow them into their exile, their happy restoration, the magnificent fury of their last defiance, and then we lose them utterly for many centuries, to find them in the present day rising once again from misery and desolation, reverend, like Edipus, for age and sorrow, and gifts not earthly; shunned, like him, for memories of awful and mysterious sin.

The writer, after a summary account of the spread of the

Jews throughout Europe, comments thus upon the aspect of the race under the Romans:

That wise though skeptical tolerance of national creeds, by which the Roman rulers sought to secure the adhesion of each disreputable portion of the vast imperial fabric, was not denied to the Jewish race; for their obedience, far more than that of any other nation, hung upon the freedom and security of their worship. The Christians alone were not tolerated, because their faith was so dangerous a solvent of the creeds around them. But the Jews, equally intolerant in principle, and far more exclusive in feeling, cared not to propagate their faith. Self-involved, sublimely conscious that in a sinful and perverse world they were God's only children, they waited in calm assurance for the day when their faith would be triumphant and their race rule the world. They welcomed the Empire, for it was the principle of the Empire to give free scope of action to the provinces. Jews were seen mourning bitterly at Caesar's funeral. And the wiser among their rulers guarded with jealous fear against any premature assertion of independence that might draw down the imperial wrath upon them. But prudence and patience were but subordinate instincts in the Jewish nature. The firm belief that the imperial power was but a transient yoke continually suggested that the day of glory had now come; and Jerusalem became at last a chronic centre of rebellion which it fell to the lot of Titus to eradicate.

Other rebellions succeeded, until

the peace that followed was the peace of desolation. Half a million of lives had been lost; Palestine had become the desert that we now see it; and worst of all, the spirit of the nation was broken; it thenceforth became a fixed clause of their faith to resign all hope of the immediate advent of a Deliverer. From this time rather than from the fall of Jerusalem, dates the Jewish dispersion.

The Jews were protected by the Roman and Ostrogoth; it was "before the stronger spirit of Catholic zeal" that toleration disappeared, and under the Visigoths in Spain "that the theory of persecution was first carried out." They remonstrated with one of their oppressors:

"Joshua (they said) never forced the nations he subdued to adopt the Mosaic ritual. Is it not enough to consign us to damnation in the next world? Why are we tormented before our time?" "Joshua (replied Sisebut, their persecutor) did what seemed him good; I do likewise: the Holy Church tells me that all those who are not regenerate perish. Temporal good men may, of their own choice, receive or cast away; the welfare of souls must be enforced, as the lesson upon the froward child."

Law upon law followed, one of them concluding thus:

If our successors shall keep this law, the conquering right hand of Christ shall give them conquest, and shall strengthen their thrones, beholding their faith. But if any shall break these laws, defending a Jew by word or deed, may the weight of his sins press him down for ever. When the terrible time of the judgment to come shall be made manifest—when the fearful coming of the Lord shall be revealed, let him be severed from the Christians on the right hand, let him be burnt with the Hebrews on the left, in horrible flames, in company with the fiend; that the avenging fire may rage forever upon the ungodly, and rich and plenteous recompence be given to the followers of Christ.

Action ensued in keeping with law, and the Jews soon disappeared from Spain, the kingdom of the Visigoths. But the Jew remained in other portions of Europe, and he soon began to be an important element of the social fabric; and when men are of service to their brethren, the natural law of the heart, through the agency of genius, triumphs over the conventional

laws that give life to Church and State theories. Pope Gregory,

—like Theodoric (the Ostrogoth), was a true heir to the wise tolerant spirit of the Roman Empire. Another such a representative we find in Charlemagne. Wise and strong, gifted with an eye to pierce far into history behind and before, with an arm to conquer and a brain to organize, Charlemagne accepted and wielded well the tools that his age supplied. We should not look for bigotry in such a man. He deserved, indeed, the crown that Pope Stephen gave; for he strengthened and built up the structure of the Church. . . . . But the Church was his instrument—not his mistress; and, for his political purposes, it was not his only instrument. The worth of culture and intellectual training, he, head warrior of the Franks, unable to write, fully recognized; and whatever fuel could shed light and warmth on the rank and energetic growths of feudalism, he gleaned from every quarter. . . . . He saw the invincible tenacity of the Jewish character; and he would not reject their learning, their financial and medical skill; he would not underrate the industrial and acquisitive instincts with which Jewish commerce might leaven an age of brute force, modify by wealth and luxury the destructive military spirit and compensate for the stationary tendencies of the system of landlordship destined thenceforward to prevail. In his reign, and those of his successors, Jews flocked to his court; Jews became royal physicians; a Jew was sent as chief of the well-known-mission to Haroun, calif of Bagdad, and, returning after four years, with a Persian and Egyptian embassy loaded with splendid oriental gifts, was again sent back, to remain, it is probable, as a trustworthy channel of intelligence of the revolutions, the perils, and the promises of the falling empire of Byzantium. . . . . Lyons—the greatest, perhaps the oldest of the Gallo-Roman towns—was the centre of their commerce. There it was that the contact of Jew and Christian was most close and most friendly. They were seen at one another's banquets; they intermarried; Christian servants lived in Jewish households; the market-day was changed to suit their Sabbath; they appeared at Christian festivals, and exposed eloquently, and—so their enemies confessed—successfully, the tenets of their faith. Their sermons were preferred often to those of the Christian clergy, and many proselytes were made. . . . . Such was the position of the Jews under the Carlovingian Empire. But that empire, founded as it was upon the traditions of the past, typical of the European unity of the future, passed suddenly from the eyes of men. And with it passed away for centuries that tolerant, practical, far-sighted policy that so constantly accompanies wide reach of power. Its decomposition disclosed the feudal system. That system, necessary stage in the progress of modern society, was fatal to the Jews. For concentrated imperial power were substituted local, isolated, provincial governments. In the Catholicocentral states, reverence for superior worth, recognition of the manhood of the labourer, respect for woman, were felt, feebly indeed, but as they had never been felt before; a higher development was marked by a more complex arrangement of classes—baron, priest, burgher, and serf knew their place, and filled it. But in that society, who ever found no place, was crushed as between two mill-stones—and the Jew found no place; for none could find it but he who could point to some spot of land as his fixed home and habitation—and the Jew had none such. Driven from his fair possessions in the South, or reduced to be their tenant with what profits his master did not snatch—driven from the court at Paris, which ceased for a time to be the centre of enlightenment and power—driven from honest trade by the burghers, who enrolled themselves into guilds, from which the Jew was eagerly and rigidly shut out—he became the property, the tool of the baron on whose soil he chanced to be found; and his only chance of existence was to accept his position of servitude, and become an instrument of legal plunder in the hands of his owner; dividing with him the usurious interest that he extorted from the hapless artisan who had pledged his scythe or anvil, taking in pawn the sacra-

mental plate of a licentious priest, or the blood-stained clothes brought by highway robbers. The equivocal position of usurers is that which the Jewish nation thenceforward assumes; and the mediæval notions upon usury rendered this position a source of enormous gain, but a source, too, of frightful misery and of national demoralization.

As the seeds of the money power of the 19th century were planted by the Jews at a time when commercial power was despised; let us observe the moral effect of his occupation upon the Jew as well as the social trials it subjected him to.

To the strong beliefs of those around him, no man is invulnerable. Conscience may be falsely scrupulous, but if the scruple be swallowed, the moral nature suffers. And thus it was that the belief that usury was degrading did in fact degrade and deprave the usurer. The spirit of trade is pernicious both to buyer and seller, when neither of two causes modifies it: free competition, that identifies the interests of one with those of all; or some moral principle, whether religious or philanthropic, influential enough to restrain the full satisfaction of the acquisitive appetite. Now, free competition in the tenth and eleventh centuries there was none; the whole monetary system was in Jewish hands. With the perfect mutual understanding that bound them together from Spain to Scotland, and by the machinery of letters of credit, which it is their honorable boast to have invented, they were enabled to secure the transference of great sums to any point where the needs of the borrower offered the richest field for gain. The Lombard usurers were expelled from France more rigidly than the Jews; and thus a competition which might have ennobled their trade by limiting its gains, either was not felt at all, or was speedily extinguished.

It is needless to say that the other restraining cause was absent. Modified by moral causes the spirit of trade indeed was; the union of revenge with avarice doubled the strength of both. The Jew felt himself, and doubtless exulted in the feeling, to be a cancer in the side of his enemy; nor did he need the stimulating precedent of the spoiled Egyptians to trample on the luckless Christian, prostrated by calamities like those of Antonio. And thus the intestine war went on. Driven by extortion to extort, goaded by the hatred of the surrounding world to make extortion an instrument of vengeance, the Jew struck his blow stealthily and in the dark, but yet with foolhardy boldness, since it was so easily requited. Fastening on his victim, some one who had jeered him many a long year ago, who had pointed to the badge upon his breast, or headed the mob that chased him back to his quarter, reaching him at last, and entangling him in the meshes of debt closer and closer, his heart thrilled as he saw him vanish behind the prison door, a Christian thrust by Christians into a dungeon at a Jew's command. The sweet revenge was dearly bought. For the mother of the prisoner's starving children, brooding over her sorrows and shaping them into a lie, went to the priest or magistrate and told how, in the Holy Week, on Thursday, she left her child playing in the house, that returning in an hour she found him not. That her neighbours had seen him straying near the Jew's door; that if his house were searched, a fearful and hellish deed might be laid bare. And when the house was searched, the child's body was found, his side pierced, his hands and feet marked with nails, concealed somewhere in the house, but placed there by no Jewish hand. Or she would confess that for a great sum she had brought the sacramental wafer to the Jew's door; that she had seen him pierce it through and through with malignant yells; that great drops of blood had gushed out; that he had thrown it into a boiling cauldron, and watched with a sneer the motions of agonizing life.

Such were these two strange fables: they are repeated in almost every chronicle of the middle ages that I have seen; the time and the place varies in each; the story is the same. It was probably fastened at one time or another upon every Jewish settlement in Europe. In the annals of Placentia (A.D. 1447) the story may be found more fully told than elsewhere. Circumstantial details of the crucifixion of the

boy are given. The mother's evidence is just as I have given it. For all this the Jews of Trent were imprisoned; eventually "some were pilloried, some torn to pieces, others exposed to dogs and wild beasts." Chaucer tells the same tale "of Hugh of Lincoln." The stabbing of the host was the pretext for their expulsion from France in 1306.

Some have thought that at one time or another there must have been a basis for these charges. . . . All that I can say is, that every tale I have examined breaks down utterly in evidence. The fact or fiction has survived the Middle Ages. It was revived in Damascus twenty years ago, with frightful results; nay, even in Europe at Juiliers, in 1840. The tale was then met with stringent laws of evidence, and was utterly shattered; and the perusal of the modern police report fortifies the mediæval student with impenetrable scepticism.

But let us see how Jews fared in their relations with governments :

From the position of the Jews in popular estimation, let us pass to their relations with the governments, beginning with France. A series of statutes, ranging from the twelfth to the fourteenth century, on this subject, is to be found in the *Ordonnances* of the French kings. Philip Augustus, at his accession, found the Jews mortgaged of one half of Paris. The rate of interest varied from 50 to 100 per cent. Every class seemed equally involved; knights had pawned their horses, their armour, their family estates; monasteries had pawned their plate; labourers "their ploughshares, their oxen, the wheat just reaped," and we find special statutes prohibiting the Jew from dealing with the poorer classes who had no inheritance to fall back upon. The course adopted by the king was summary and simple. All debts due to the Jews were declared void,—all lands that they might be occupying, confiscated; he himself was to have one-fifth of the spoils; the Jews were to leave France. But the wars in Normandy and Flanders drained Philip's purse; the Jews repeatedly petitioned for re-admittance, and under payment of a large sum of money they were recalled. This instance is a fair type of the usual procedure. The Jews were used by the kings as "a sponge," to use Mr. Hallam's expression. When the drain became excessive, the thicker growth of slanderous tales of Child-murder and Stabbing the Host announced the popular discontent; at these symptoms the order of expulsion was issued; popular indignation was satisfied, and was blind to the fact that the sponge yielded part or the whole of its contents into the exchequer.

Philip the Fair carefully protected the Jews against the Church till they were full of money, and then expelled them (A.D. 1306). In 1360 they purchased their reentrance of the government, then exhausted by the English wars. The terms are curious. They are to remain only twenty years; they may live where they please; buy houses and lands to an unlimited extent: they are exempt from all ordinary courts of law, from all feudal tolls except ground-rent, from all seizure of property for royal purposes, from challenge to single combat, from attendance at Christian sermons; indemnity is promised for all offences previous to their exile. The limits of usury are fourpence per pound per week—that is, 85 per cent. per annum. For these privileges every Jew is to pay "for himself and his wife fourteen gold-pieces of Florence of good and lawful weight." For every other member of his family, child or servant, one florin two groschen; this as entrance-money, and nearly the same sum yearly. In 1374 we find a prolongation of residence has been granted: this is further extended for ten years, on payment of 3,000 gold francs. In 1394 we find them expelled from France; and this time they did not return. Whether the rivalry of the Italian merchants ousted them, or whether Flanders and the German cities offered better markets, or whether Spain, thinned by the fearful massacres of 1391, found room for them, does not appear: but we hear little more of them in France till modern times.

Let us pass to the Jews of England. . . . The employ-

ment of Jews as an engine of taxation was far more thoroughly and systematically carried out in England than in any other country. Money must be had to carry on the government; the Norman barons were not men to tolerate "benevolences," or other form of direct taxation; by the Jewish money-lender the king attained his end with far less odium and far more profit. Their letters of credit, and the perfect freemasonry that united them with their brethren on the Continent, enabled them to assume the entire direction of the currency. . . . Every sum lent by a Jew was registered, and a copy of the register placed in the parish church, under the charge of a mixed commission of Jews and Christians. These chests were never to be opened except in the presence of the sheriff of the county. At certain periods, as, while a crusade was in preparation, when money was urgently wanted, and infidels were more than usually odious, the king unlocked these chests, and constituted himself the creditor. Such wholesale confiscation was not resorted to, we may suppose, except when the Jews were unable to exact their own debts, or to pay the tallages, fines, and amercements which were of course laid upon them at the royal discretion. If a Jew could not pay his tallage, the debt fell to his heirs, and in their default, on the Jews of his city; if these were insolvent, the debt was chargeable to the Jews of the whole realm. Thus we find "the Jews of England owe 5,325*l.* marks in the matter of the debts of Jornet of Norwich." . . . They were, in fact, the private property of the king; "living instruments" of his revenue; carefully protected by his government, unless in cases where exceptional necessity on his part or obstinacy on theirs made it necessary to bear upon them with unusual weight; not serfs bound to the soil, but slaves of the highest value, to whom to allow free action in the acquisition of wealth was the needful condition of reaping the fruit of their labor. There is a writ of Henry III. in which, in payment of a debt to his brother, Richard of Cornwall, he assigns and makes over to him, "All my Jews of England." The "Jewish Charter" of the same reign is no less significant:

"Let no Jew remain in the land unless he do service to the king. As soon as any Jew is born, male or female, let him serve us in one way or other. Let them live in no towns but such as are appointed for them. But in these let them go about with their goods as they please, being as they are *things belonging to us*, no man hindering them. And let them be free from all customs, and tolls, and wine-measureings, for they are our *chateliers*; wherefore we enjoin and bid you defend and maintain them."

Passing the dreadful massacre at York, let us see how they were treated for a time in Germany by the crusaders:

"In that season (says the chronicler of Tréves) a great multitude, both men and women, from every land and nation, went their way to Jerusalem, panting with their whole heart for the love of God and the Faith, either to suffer death, or to trample on the necks of unbelievers. Infused with this desire, they determined first of all to visit the Jews in the cities and castles where they dwelt, and compel them to believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, or else forthwith to put them to death. And when, heated with this passion, they were drawing near Tréves, the Jews of that city, knowing what would be done to them, took their children and thrust knives into their bodies, saying that lest they should become a mockery to the raging of the Christians—it were better to send them into Abraham's bosom. And some of their women, climbing above the banks of the river and filling their bosoms with stones, threw themselves headlong into the deep."

Imagine this to have taken place, as it probably did, in every great city of Germany. In Mayence, a thousand are slain; in Spires and Worms, the bishop's castle opens to them and is besieged by the crusaders—

"They oppress us and compass us about (says the poet Kalonymus of Mayence), they kill and slaughter us, but all the faster we are bound to Thee. That we may learn their worship, that we may forget the Living God, therefore they strike us; they lay snares to catch

us, that we may turn aside from Thee to their defiling waters and to the service of Baal. Our noble women force themselves to offer up their children for a sacrifice; our fathers slay their sons and spare not their own life; to glorify Thee, the only God, the young and beautiful yield themselves to death. 'Hear, O Israel!' cry the bridegroom and the bride with their last breath—united in their lives, and in the death of sacrifice not divided.'

And then comes Spain—

We must not altogether pass by the Jews of Spain. Taking up the thread of their history from the Moorish Conquest, we find them, as we should expect, honorably treated by the Saracens. But what is not so well known is, that high as their position was under the Saracen power, it was far higher in the kingdoms of Christian Spain. It was at the era when the Christian and Arabian cause were trembling in an equal balance, that Jewish culture attained its fullest and richest bloom. The Catholic princes eagerly welcomed those who fled to their cities from any Moorish persecution; for they were men who might be spies in the enemy's camp, and who brought wealth and wisdom to their own.

To this wise toleration the kings were incited by their clergy, and the clergy by the popes. We find in a letter of Alexander II. to the bishops of Spain—

"We were glad to hear that you protected the Jews from the armies which were overthrowing the Saracens. It may be that God has marked out for salvation those whom foolish ignorance or blind avarice lust to slaughter. It is right to fight against men who persecute Christians, and drive them from their country and home; but the Jews are everywhere ready to obey your rule; and as the blessed Gregory has said, it is most impious to slay men who, for their father's sins, are spared by Divine mercy, to live a life of exile and penitence."

But, as the triumph of Christianity over the Crescent grew sure and surer, and the need of befriending the Jewish Mammon less urgent—as the middle classes thrrove, and were able, in their Cortes, to give effect to the long-stored jealousy of commercial rivals—it grew more and more difficult for the king to shelter the Jews. . . . . In 1391, the stream found vent in such a wholesale massacre as had not been seen in Europe. At Seville, the Archbishop of Toledo headed the onset in person. Of 7,000 families there, but 3,000 were left. In Cordova, Toledo, and seventy other cities, the same scenes took place. . . . . Eastward, westward, southward—to Africa, to Portugal, to Italy and the Levant—half a million of Jews went forth. Eighty thousand sought shelter in Portugal, but did not find it. Thousands fell into the hands of the barbarians of Fez. They were sold for slaves; they were left to starve on desert isles; their bodies, yet living, were ripped open for the hidden gold—

"And there were among them who were cast into the isles of the sea, a Jew and his old father, fainting from hunger, begging bread; and there was none to break unto him in a strange country. And the man went and sold his little son for bread, to restore the soul of the old man; and when he returned to his father, he found him dead; and he rent his clothes. And he went back to the baker to take his son; but the baker would not give him back; and he cried out with a sore and bitter cry for his son, but there was none to deliver. All this befall us in the year Rabbim (for the sons of the desolate are 'Many'), yet we have not forgotten thee, neither have we dealt falsely in thy covenant. Hasten to help us, O Lord! For thy sake we are killed all the day; we are counted as sheep appointed for the slaughter. Make haste to help us, O God of our salvation."

Finally:

It has been said that Christian nations never die; that material power may pass away from them; that subjection to a foreign sword, or civil discord, or the decay of faith and loosening of law, with all the other ills that nations are heirs to, may overwhelm them with a spiritual

torpor that shall make their history a blank for centuries; and yet that they shall rise again. England was not robbed of her Saxon character by the Conquest; France in the fifteenth century, with her numbers halved by pestilence, lacerated by English and Burgundian wars, rose up to found her grand monarchy; Germany survived the massacres of the thirty years. Such historical facts have been applied to judgments of the future. There are few who doubt that Italy is destined soon to be rid of foreign domination, and to resume her place amongst the nations; nor does her corrupt government, her decayed faith, and an utter suspension of activity, that has lasted for two centuries, preclude Spain from the same sure hopes.

But this attribute of permanence is not to be restricted to Christian nations. The old Roman stock, for instance, has never perished. Italian antiquaries will show us village festivals, agricultural tenures, municipal customs, that were old in Cicero's time. The language of ancient Italy still lives, if not in its literary form, yet in what is of far higher significance—in its popular dialect. Dante looked upon Virgil as a fellow-citizen. And the more carefully the documents of mediæval Italy are studied, the clearer does the continuity become between the republics of Lombardy and the colonies and municipalities of the empire. The war of Grecian independence proclaims the same truth. Classical purism had made us forget that Greek, since Homer, has always been a spoken language; that the catena of authors is unbroken from the first Olympiad to the present day; and that all the vices and many of the virtues characteristic of the old Hellenic race grow still on the same Hellenic soil. All really great nations seem endowed with this privilege of immortality. Having once borne an important part in the historical evolution of society, they cannot decompose, like African or American tribes, into mere subsoil for succeeding races. It is not merely that they hand down to posterity the products of their mental and material toil, their cultivated fields, their alphabet, and their poetry—this nations of inferior worth can do; but they visibly maintain their place before posterity, degraded, it may be, but not deprived of birthright, and holding still the germ of national reconstruction. No better example of this truth is to be found than the existence of the Jewish race since the fall of Jerusalem. For it is not an exception, as some have thought, to the general laws which regulate humanity: rather it is a well-developed case of their fulfillment. . . . Yet the Jewish case, I shall be told, differs from other cases. They have been exiles, and not only exiles, but wanderers. They have been tied to no common soil, and yet they have kept their language and faith. They have been patriots without a patria. Some have compared the gypsies, who have been wanderers now for five centuries,—some have thought, that mediæval Greece, deluged with invasion many times a century, sustained as hard a trial. But the difference between these cases and the case of the Jews is considerable, though it is a difference of degree merely, and not of kind. It is to be explained, however, far more adequately by the social and historical influences just now indicated, than by an appeal to the external forces of soil and climate. That spirit of isolation which was at first forced upon them from without as a religious duty, at last spontaneously evolved itself as the most salient mark of the national character. If we were to rank races according to their sympathetic power, their capacity for assimilation of inferior types, or for acceptance of what is superior, the Jew would stand, perhaps, lowest on the scale. The Roman could conquer, and could assimilate what he conquered; the Gaul and Goth could recognize their superior, and be proud of the Roman name and tongue. But the Jew could neither spread civilization nor receive it. Yet that very incapacity gave him strength. Proud he was; not like the Greek—vain; but his pride was not that of the Roman sitting on the world's throne; nor was it the pride of intellect, nor yet the fiery-tempered honour of the feudal cavalier. It was a profoundly egotistic and sectarian feeling. A Volcanic war breathed civil peace within the walls of Rome; but the factions of Eleazar, John and Simon, raged as fierce as ever when the siegetowers of Titus had shattered their inmost wall. Their history, from

Moses downwards, tells of stiff-necked rebellion, of fatal incapacity for obedience. Theirs was a granitic temperament, fetched from volcanic depths; and it issued from the hottest fire of persecution, more intractable and adamantine than before.

We cannot conclude without extracting the passages referring to the intellectual characteristics of the Hebrews.

We must not altogether pass by their intellectual exertions during the Middle Ages. They rivalled the schoolmen in metaphysics; they surpassed all but the Arabs in science. Without believing that twelve thousand students filled the Jewish schools at Toledo, it seems highly probable that the Jews of that city in the thirteenth century could boast of more astronomers than were to be found in the rest of Europe; and the astronomical tables which they compiled for Alfonso prove that these studies were not mere astrological daydreams. Medicine was their other favorite pursuit. The Jews of Spain and Provence supplied physicians to all the European courts, and to not a few of the popes.

But, after all, if we would find the full outpouring of their inner spiritual life during these times of sorrow, we must seek for it in the psalmody of their synagogues. It was not till many centuries after the fall of Jerusalem that poetry or music entered into their services. A long extempore prayer, with a few ejaculatory responses, was the simple liturgy. Gradually these prayers fell into parts and proportions unconsciously established; at last sound asserted her sway, and rhymed hymns are found as early as the eighth century. The inter-weaving of Bible verses was of course an essential ingredient in these hymns, chanted often extempore by the leader of the service. At the close of the stanza, the expectant ear of the assembly was half surprised, half charmed by some passage of warning or promise given to their fathers 2,000 years ago; and the strong full key-note summed and blended into one the varying emotions of the verse—pity and exultation, devotion and sullen hate.

These poems are full of sublime pictures of outward nature which recall, and that not by mere plagiarism, Isaiah, Job, and David. No Christian poet could ever realize, as the Jew realized, the beauty and terror of nature to be the visible manifestation of the power of God—

"To Him sing the lips of all creatures.  
From above and from beneath has His glory sounded.  
The earth cries, There is none but Thee;  
And the heavens, That Thou alone art Holy!  
Majesty issues from the deep, and harmony from the stars;  
The day sends forth speech, and the night singing;  
The fire declares His name; the woods utter melody;  
The wild beasts tell of the exceeding greatness of God."

These poems are full also of what so strongly marks Jewish poetry from the poetry of other ancient nations—of the personal experiences, struggles, and aspirations of the soul.

Of more public and stirring themes there was no want. If a few simple tales of his heroic houses were enough for the Athenian dramatist, the Hebrew poet dealt with a tale of more absorbing interest—with the ever-present facts of his own national destiny. Poetry for the Jews was no spectacle, no amusement of the fancy, no splendid structure of the imagination; it was the simple outburst of national hope and passion. The compass of their tones ranged from transcendental reverence to fiendish hate. They sang of the certain doom of the oppressor, and it lightened the miseries of time, to know that their revenge would be co-equal with eternity. They sang of aged teachers of the law, who had sealed a holy life and saved it from the "defiling waters" by a self-offered sacrifice. They sang of mothers who had slain their children—of children, "young rose-blossoms chosen by the Lord from his garden," who had prayed for death, lest they should be tempted to betray their faith; and this time they sang joyfully, for every life thus shed, stored up forgiveness for themselves, and vengeance for their foes. They sang the sublime unity of their God and the wonders that He had done for them; for they knew themselves the centre of the universe, the one spot in God's lost creation where He had deigned to set His foot; children in a strange unholy land, for whom their Father feared the poisonous air of friendship and prosperity; driven hither and thither, but floating in the sole ark of God, on the gloomy sea of the Dark Ages.

#### BOOK NOTICES.

SPECIMENS OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S WIT; together with Selections, chiefly from his contributions to Journals, intended to illustrate his opinions. Arranged by his son, *Blanchard Jerrold*. Boston: Ticknor & Fields. 1858. *Author's edition.*

The son has made "a very incomplete collection of the witticisms, which, for twenty years, have been coupled with the name of Douglas Jerrold." He opines that twenty such volumes as the present might be made, had nothing been lost. Perhaps, then, it were not unjust to consider what is saved at least a fair average of his wit. We are aware that wit loses much, disconnected from the time, place, and circumstances of its origin; and to this account we charge that there is no larger a proportion of admirable things in the book in hand. If nothing had been repeated, and the poorer specimens omitted, the volumes might have been reduced considerably, and made better thereby. However, as in the world at large, the sterling minority must uphold the mass. Jerrold's wit was not always caustic; it was sometimes of that milder and better kind, which turns observation into philosophy. When, too, it ceased to be intellectual solely and become sentimental, it rarely became dawdling. As for example—

"Gratis! It is the voice of nature, speaking from the fullness of her large heart. The word is written all over the blue heaven; the health-giving air whispers it about us; it rides the sunbeam; the lark thrills it high up in its skyey dome; the little wayside flower breathes gratis from its pinky mouth; the bright brook murmurs it; it is written in the harvest moon. And yet, how rarely do we seize the happiness, because, forsooth, it is a joy gratis."

Again—

"The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for a root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of Nature; is her testimony of the soul, struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards the earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself, even of a flower, a comfort and a refuge."

Then in this wise—

"Eloquently doth a dead tree preach to the heart of man; touching its appeal from the myriad forms of life bursting about it! Yea, the dead oak of a wood, for a time, gives wholesome check to the heart; expanding and dancing to the vitality around. In its calm aspect, its motionless look, it works the soul to solemn thought, lifting it upwards from the earth."

Or thus—

"I never see an Italian image merchant with his Graces, and Venuses, and Apollos, at sixpence a head, that I do not spiritually touch my hat to him. It is he who has carried refinement into the poor man's house; it is he, who has accustomed the eyes of the multitude to the harmonious forms of beauty."

The mere ghost of a pun sometimes leads him into it.

"No accounting for taste! It was never meant to be accounted for; else there's a lot of us would have good a deal to answer about. Taste, in some things, was given us to do what we like with; but now and then we do certainly ill-use the privilege."

Then we have it of this sort—

"There is a physiognomy in houses. Sure I am, I have seen houses with a swaggering, hat-a-cock sort of look; while other habitations seemed to squint and leer wickedly from the corners of their windows."

Jerrold's repartees were bright ones; but they too often slipped to the tongue without going through the head first. They were said for their own sake, and it is not right to wound, if we cannot heal afterwards.